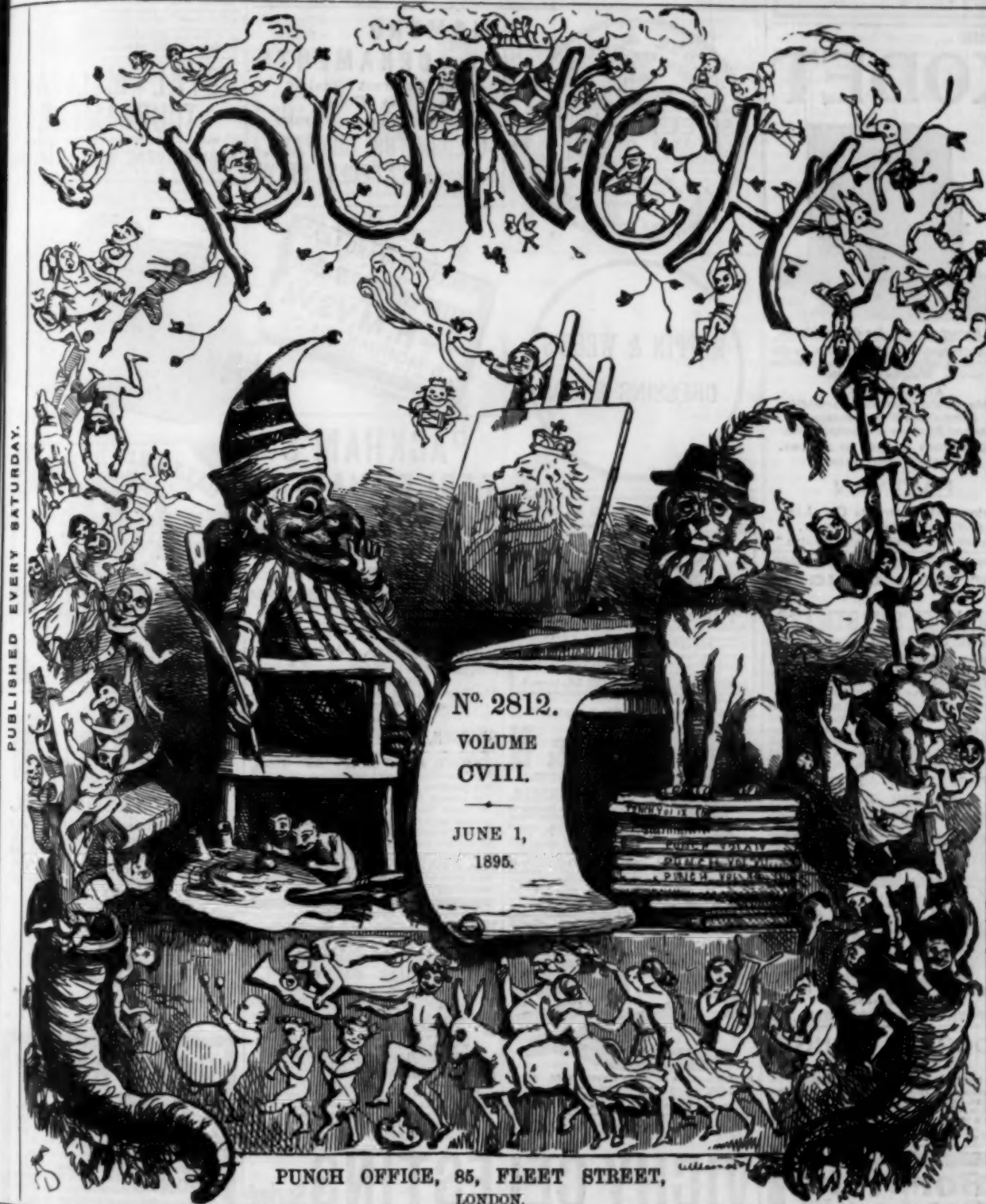


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"LONDON AND LIVERPOOL—LITTLE AND GOOD."

It appears that the very excellent proposal of amalgamating all the local branches of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in one national association is meeting with some opposition in Liverpool. Says the *Courier* of that important locality, "It was Liverpool which educated London in the matter of child-protection, and probably the Londoners could still learn in Liverpool many practical lessons. And just when Liverpool is about to be trebled in extent, and have its population largely increased, seems a singularly inappropriate time to subordinate the city to London." From this it would appear that Liverpool in its growth is becoming, to use a colloquialism, "too big for its boots." Surely the benefit of the children should be the first consideration. What the size of either Liverpool or London has to do with that matter, it is difficult to say. No doubt Londoners could learn much from their Liverpool brothers. But the lesson for the moment is to discover how to best protect the little ones. And that subject can only be mastered by a display of goodwill and unselfishness on both sides.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

[May 20, 1895 : Fiftieth Anniversary of the Day when the Franklin Expedition set Sail.]

THE North returned thee not to British earth,
Whence on that splendid quest thou didst
go forth;
But when our British hearts, in sordid dearth
Of pride, forget thy valour and thy worth,
Those hearts must be yet colder than the
North.

TURF CUTTINGS.



"Taken and Off."



"Getting on" at 6 to 4.

- 'A BAS "THE CLUB SWEEP."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Although you are a humorist, there is a serious side to your character. I want to appeal to that serious side. I wish to complain of the prevalence in all our West-End Co-operative Palaces of that annual pest, appropriately called "the Club Sweep." Why should it be allowed to prosper? It is a disgrace to civilisation. I know of no more painful sight than the picture of old CROCUS paying the hall-porter to put him down for a dozen places. I am delighted when those twelve positions end in blanks, or starters out of the running. And nearly as unpleasant an incident is the tableau of young JONES taking a pound chance at the same fatal lottery. Put it down, Mr. Punch; put it down. I repeat, "the Club Sweep" is unworthy of the civilisation of the close of the nineteenth century. Once more, Sir, put it down.

Yours, most truly,

AN OLD MEMBER OF THE HERCULES CLUB.

P.S.—I am sure the thing is a mistake. Will you believe it, I have put into my own sweep for the last thirty-five years, and have never drawn a starter! Same luck this season!

From the New Sarum Note-Book.

[Lord SALISBURY "believes the SULTAN to be a humane man."—*Speech at Bradford.*]

LORD SALISBURY believes—

That RICHARD THE THIRD was a remarkably amiable man; especially kind to children.

That NERO was the gentlest creature that ever breathed, except CALIGULA.

That HENRY THE EIGHTH was a gentle, unassuming person; most religious and domesticated; in fact, a model husband, and the sort of man that "wouldn't harm a bibby."

ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

THE HON. GEORGE CURZON and Miss LEWIS (U.S.A.) have been married. The State of Illinois is lignant. The two facts are more intimately connected than might be supposed. Four days after the wedding a resolution was introduced into the State Legislature of Illinois by a Mr. MCCARTHY, requesting the daughters of Illinois "not to accept the hand in marriage of any person who is not a citizen of the United States, as we are of opinion that the daughters of Illinois should be patriotic in their views, and should disregard the title of any foreigner, and marry none but a citizen of the United States." It is stated that the resolution "was referred to the Committee on Federal Relations." Surely a Committee on domestic relations or on titled relations would have been more appropriate.

THE Illinois State Legislature obviously has novel ideas of its legislative duties. Imagine an English County Council treating seriously such fantastic rubbish as Mr. MCCARTHY brought before the law-makers of his State. Would it not be more to the point to look after the sons of Illinois, and to keep the hue of their resolution up to the mark? If they are laggards in love, who shall blame the British aristocrat for wooing with success the daughters of Illinois, whom their compatriot suitors abandon? Or again, if titles are so irresistible an attraction to the fair, why not establish titles in Illinois, and thus give the Earl of BANGS or the Marquis SALTONALE that seductive influence which is apparently lacking to plain ZEDEKIAH B. BANGS, and to the unadorned JONATHAN K. SALTONALE. For it is obviously better that the daughters of Illinois should marry than that they should waste away with an unbridled (let the spelling pass) desire for a title.

AT Oxford on Wednesday last the University beat Somerset by one wicket, mainly owing to the admirable batting of Mr. H. D. G. LEVISON GOWEN, popularly known as "The Shrimp."

To the batsmen of Oxford, who looked very limp,

Father Neptune was kind when he gave them a Shrimp:

For a Shrimp on the grass is most worthy of rhyme,

When he makes a firm stand, but gets runs all the time.

THE inhabitants of Christmas Street in Bristol want to have their thoroughfare laid with wood paving. At present, according to an indignant correspondent, "the pitching in the street is so bad that it is positively dangerous for vehicular traffic... but the risk to life

and limb are entirely subservient to the parsimonious policy of our Bristol Sanitary Authority." Might I suggest Yule logs as an appropriate pavement for Christmas Street? Certainly this accident policy of the Bristol Sanitary Authority ought to be allowed to lapse.

I GATHER from a letter in the *Freeman's Journal* that Bray is not being well treated by the Bray Township Commissioners. "If Bray is to march with the times," says the writer, "and keep pace with the laudable efforts of our Tourist Development Association," something must be done to improve the walk round Bray Head. The picture of Bray keeping pace and marching with the times by walking round its own head is too confusing for the intelligence of the dense Saxon.

AN article in the *Scotsman* declares that "a great laxity of costume is characteristic of modern Oxford." Straw hats and brown boots appear to abound everywhere. It is added that "Bowlers are already beginning to be preserved as relics of a bygone race." This will be glorious news for the Cambridge Eleven, for a merely preserved bowler cannot be very dangerous.

FROM a recent issue of the *Freeman's Journal* I extract the following letter, which, it must be admitted, "makes both sides right" with a clearness that leaves nothing to be desired. Note, too, the writer's natural vexation at the idea that he "assisted the constable":—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN.

114, Lower Clanbrassil Street, Dublin, May 14, 1895.

SIR,—With reference to your issue of the 13th inst., and the stolen tea from one of the London and Northern-Western vans, I beg leave to state that I in no way assisted the constable in the arrest of the prisoner, as you state; neither was there any necessity for me doing so, as he had sufficient help along with him at the time. But I did help the driver of the waggon when on the ground to recover his feet and get back to his waggon with the tea in question. My reasons for doing so were as follows—first, being a van driver myself, and I might say has been such all my lifetime, and knowing that when goods are stolen from any van in nine cases out of every ten the driver of such a van has to make good the same and be put under stoppages although no fault of his. Secondly, when I came on the scene the driver of the waggon seemed to be getting the worst of it, as the offender had two others helping him. If someone did not interfere, therefore, under those circumstances and to protect the interest of my fellow-workers, as I am always ready to do, I interfered, and under no other.—Hoping you will kindly insert this in your next issue and make both sides right, and thanking you for the same, I remain your humble servant,

HENRY FREDERICKS.



ALL THE COMFORTS OF A HOME.

Britannia (to His Highness Nasrulla Khan). DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, FOR YOUR DEAR FATHER'S SAKE!"

THE BOULD SOGER BOYS AT ISLINGTON.

STAGE-MANAGERS Lieut.-Col. TULLY with Lieut.-Col. TILLOTSON and Colonel OSWLOW, not to mention their talented assistants headed by Captain DANN, Master of Ring, have given us a real good show. The Olympian Bossy KIRALFY must be anxiously awaiting the return of the natives from Islington to Kensington, and Sir DEURIO-LANUS must have owned that the military managers have run him very close as a master of crowds and of thrilling dramatic situations. Who would not rush out to fight Zulus, or any other savages, to stirring sounds of First Horse Guards' band, and cheered by all sorts and



kinds of inspiring music? You march to a popular song, you build bridge to polka, you make zerebas to the lilt of a waltz, you charge to a galop, and you return victorious to the National Anthem! Hurrah for the life of a soldier, at Islington!

Here the Art of Artillery Driving can be seen to perfection: three times round, clear posts and out again to deafening cheers. Bayonet exercise of Second Battalion Scots Guards is full of point; while the display made by Gymnastic Staff of Egyptian Army shows how our soldiers can advance by leaps and bounds. Excellent device! Enemy dumb-founded and bothered to see our athletic warriors jumping over one another's heads, turning somersaults, and finally heaping themselves up into pyramids—a real Egyptian puzzle this—with hero at apex waving flag. Why, a whole army of fiercest enemies would take to their heels rather than fight with these dancing dragoons, and hosts of Mussulmans would flee before such men of muscle. For these tactics no arms required except those already naturally belonging to the corps. So inexpensive! Yet to these merry infants-in-arms the art of war is no child's-play.

The new effects, and one among the numerous attractions, is the Grand Historical Military Pageant, performed with the greatest success by the 3rd King's Own Hussars and the Buffs. Nothing buffo about the Buffs. They appear as Cavalier cavalry and infantry pikemen of JAMES THE SECOND's time, and as cavalry and infantry from that date down through the Georgian period to the present day. The great change is noticeable in the hair, from long flowing curls and periwigs to the short crop of THOMAS ATKINS. Altogether a brilliant success, and should bring in a handsome amount for the benefit of the Military Charities, to whose funds this show makes an invaluable contribution.



"HONOURS EAST."—The *St. James's Gazette* suggests that if leading play-actors are to be knighted, why not principal music-hall singers? Well, not yet; as the chief music-hall singer is already "A CHEVALIER."



Youngster (who has just had a Penny given to him) "'OW MUCH IS THEM GRAPES, MISTER!"
Shopkeeper (amused). "THEY ARE FOUR SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE A POUND, MY LAD."
Youngster. "WELL, THEN, GIVE US A 'A'FORTH O' CARROTS. I'M A DEMON FOR FRUIT!"

A DERBY DIALOGUE.

SCENE—In Town. JONES meets BROWN.

Jones. Going to Epsom?

Brown. No, I think not. Fast is, the place gets duller year by year. The train has knocked the fun out of the road.

Jones. Such a waste of time. Why go in a crowd to see some horses race, when you can read all about it in evening papers?

Brown. Just so. No fun. No excitement. And the Downs are wretched if it rains or snows.

Jones. Certainly. The luncheon, too, is all very well; but, after all, it spoils one's dinner.

Brown. Distinctly. And champagne at two o'clock is premature.

Jones. And lobster-salad undoubtedly indigestible. So it's much better not to go to the Derby—in spite of the luncheon.

Brown. Yes,—in spite of the luncheon.
Two hours pass. Scene changes to Epsom.
Jones. Hullo! You here?

Brown. Hullo! And if it comes to that, you here, too?

Jones. Well, I really found so little doing in town that I thought I might be here as well as anywhere else.

Brown. Just my case. Not that there's much to see or do. Silly as usual.

Jones. Quite. Always said the Derby was a fraud. But I am afraid, my dear fellow, I must hurry away, as I have got to get back to my party for luncheon.

Brown. So have I. [Exeunt severally.]

GREAT AND DESERVED SUCCESS.—LYCEUM.—The First Knight!! Sir HENRY IRVING in an entirely new character. Mr. Punch's sincere congratulations.

BOOKMAKERS ON THE BEACH.

(A Sketch at a Sea-side Race-Meeting.)

SCENE.—The Sands at Baymouth, where some pony and horse races are being run. By the Grand Stand, and under the wall of the esplanade, about a dozen bookmakers, perched on old packing-cases, are clamouring with their customary energy. The public, however, for some reason seems unusually deaf to their blandishments and disinclined for speculation, and the bookmakers, after shouting themselves hoarse with little or no result, are beginning to feel discouraged.

Bookmakers (antiphonally). Evens on the field! Three to one bar one! Five to one bar two! Six to one bar one! Even money Betting! Six to one Pop-gun! Come on 'ere. Two to one on the field! What do you want to do?

[The public apparently want to look another way.]

First Bookmaker (to Second Bookmaker). Not much 'ere to-day! Shawn't get no roast baked and biled this journey, eh?

Second B. (with deep disgust). They ain't got no money! Baymouth's going down. Why, this might be a bloomin' Sunday-school treat! Biled if I believe they know what we're 'ere for!

Third B. (after pausing to refresh himself, sardonically to Fourth Bookmaker). De-lightful weather, WILLIAM!

William (in a similar tone of irony). What a glorious day, PERCY! Seeh a treat to see all the people enjoyin' themselves without any o' the silly speculation yer do find sometimes on occasions like this! (He accepts the bottle his friend passes, and drinks.) 'Ere's better luck to us all!

Fifth B. (pathetically). Don't leave your little FREDDY out! (They don't leave their little FREDDY out.) Cheer up, WILLIAM, there's 'appier days in store; there'll be Jersey comin' soon. We'll be orf to the sunny south! (To a stranger who comes up to him.) Why, Uncle, you don't say it's you! How well you're looking! Shake 'ands and 'ave a bit on, jest for ole sake's sake! (The stranger proceeds to introduce himself as the Secretary, and to demand a fee.)

What! pay you five shillins for standin' 'ere wastin' my time and voice like this? Not me! Why, I aint took two blessed sore-spans since I bin 'ere! (The Secretary remains firm.) I won't do it, my boy. Not on principle, I won't. I wouldn't give you five shillins not if your tongue was 'anging down on to your boots—so there! (The Secretary does not attempt to violent an appeal to his better nature, but calls a police-inspector.) 'Ere, I'd sooner git down and chuck the show altogether; jest to mark my contempt for such goings on! (He descends from his box; takes down his sign, unscrews his pole, folds up his professional triptych, and departs in a state of virtuous indignation only to be expressed by extreme profanity, while the Secretary proceeds unmoved to collect payments from the others; who eventually compromise the claims for half-a-crown.)

Mr. Sam Satchell ("from Southampton"). Now then, you gentlemen and aristocratic tradesmen, where are you all? Don't any o' you know anything? Come on 'ere. (He stops an elderly rustic.) You've got a fancy, I can see! (The rustic denies the impeachment, grinning.) Git along with yer, yer artful ole puss,

then, and don't keep gentlemen away as wants to bet! (To a Yeomanry trooper.) Come along, my ole soldier-boy, give it a name! (His old soldier-boy declines to give it any name, and passes on.) Call yerself a warrior bold, and afraid o' riskin' 'alf-a-crown! Why, yer Queen and country orter be ashamed o' yer! (Is a young farmer in riding-gaiters come up, with the evident intention of business.) Ah, you don't forget the old firm, I see. . . . What, four to one not good enough for you? You won't get no better odds, go where you like! I suppose you expect me to make you a present o' the money? (The farmer moves on.) I dunno what's come to 'em all. I never see nothing like it in all my life!

IN THE GRAND STAND.

A Glib Person, in a tall hat (as he picks his way up and down

the benches, the occupants of which treat him with tolerant indifference). I'm not a bookmaker, ladies and gentlemen; don't have that impression of me for a moment! I'm simply an amateur, and an independent gentleman o' means, like any of yourselves. You all know more than I do. I don't come 'ere with any intention o' winning your money—far from it. I'm wishful to settle and live among you. I may eventually put up as your member; and, if so, when I take my place in Parliament I shall be in a position to testify that the Baymouth people are extremely cautious as to the manner in which they invest their money on 'orse-racin'! Yes, I'm 'ere on behalf of the Sporting League, just to prove how free a meeting like this is from the evils o' gambling. I don't come 'ere to rob yer. I want yer all to win. I like to see yer bright and shining faces around me; I like the frivolidity and recreation and the conviviality of the thing, that's all. I'll tell yer how it is. I've a rich ole aunt, and she puts fifty pound into my 'ands, and sez, "Jacky," she sez, "I love those dear Baymouth people, and I want you to take this 'ere money and lay it out among 'em in moieties, and make 'em rich and 'appy." You can see for yourselves. I've no tickets and no parryfer-nalia, excep' this little pocket-book, where I enter any bets you honour me with. Come, Miss, win a



"Why the blazes don't ye take it?"

pair o' those three-and-sixpenny gloves at CHICKERELL'S, the ex-Mayor's, to oblige me! Did I tread on your corn, Sir? I assure you it was the last thing I intended. . . . "You knew I'd do it afore I'd done?" . . . Well, Sir, if you've sech a gift o' seeing into futurity as that, why not make something out of it now? Three to one bar one. Kitty I'm barring. Thank you, Sir; 'alf-a-crown to seven and six on Sportsman. I tell you candidly—you've got the winner. The favourite won't win. Now, then, all you others, where's your Baymouth pluck? I ordered you thirty to one Betting last race; and you wouldn't take it. And Betting won, and you lost the chance o' making yer fortunes. Don't blame me if the same thing 'appens again. I'm on'y bottin', as I told you, for my own amusement, and to get rid o' the money! (Sic, &c.)

Mr. Sam Satchell (whom the apathy of the public has apparently reduced to a state of defiant buffoonery). Even money Daredevil, you rascals! And why the blazes don't ye take it? Come on. I'll take two little bits o' twos that Kitty don't win! Four to one against ole bread-and-butter Tommy, over there in the corner!

Eleven and a half to three quarters to two against Kitty. "What bar the Wild Waves say-hay-ing?" Two Kitties to three Darderville against a bloomin' goat-chaise! On the Baymouth Durby I'm bettin'!

AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST RACE.

Three horses have started; the favourite has led to the turn and then bolted up the shingle, but, as the tide has come in and almost covered the course, and the other two horses by declining to face the water have let him in again, he wins after an exciting finish, up to the girths in sea-water; and such bookmakers as have succeeded in obtaining patronage are paying up with as much cheerfulness as they can command.

First Bookmaker (to eager backer). Wait a bit, my boy, wait a bit, the number hasn't gone up yet, my son. Where's your ticket—forty-two? (His clerk refers to book.) That's Squibbs. I pay over winners—not losers. (To the public.) Come along and fetch your money, the bullion's 'ere! (To another backer.) What was yours—threes? ("Fours I've got," from his clerk.) Why don't yer art for what you're entitled to, instead o' makin' me art my clerk what your bet was? There's your money—take it and go!

[The backer departs wealthier but abashed.]
Second B. I'm payin' over that 'ard-run race, gentlemen, men and 'orses exhorsted! I'm payin' over Susan—dear ole Sussey-hanner! who wants their money? The Bank o' England's 'ere, gentlemen, Mr. FRANKIE FAIRPRICE and his ole friend, who's always by his side and never loses 'im!

Third B. (who has had to borrow largely from his brethren to meet his engagements). Are you all done now? (To the crowd.) Then I'll wish yer good afternoon, thank ye all for yer comp'ny, but you've bin bloomin' bad fun to-day, and you don't ketch me playin' Patience on a monument at any more o' yer blanky sand'oppin' and'eepe, that's all!

[However, the local newspaper reports next day that "A number of the sporting fraternity were in attendance to do business, and apparently carried on a brisk and profitable trade"—which only shows how difficult it is for the casual observer to form an accurate opinion.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—Crowded house: all charmed with everything and every body in *Fra Diavolo*. Somebody in grand tier so ecstatically pleased, that, unable any longer to control impulsive movement, he (or she) hurls into the air leather jorgnette case, which, descending at an angle, clears the Prince of WALKER'S elbow by a few inches, and startles musical enthusiast who, seated at corner of third row of stalls, is at that moment wrapped up in the opera, and thus protected against most external dangers. A thrill went through the house! Is it a "B-o-m-b" bomb? BEVIGNANI, pausing, *bàton* in air, gives the horrostruck singers and concealed orchestra (to whom pause is inexplicable) a few notes rest. Then corner (stall) man picks up jorgnette case, fortunately empty; whereupon the Bold BEVIGNANI'S *bàton* is once more in motion, and everyone is "as they were." ARIMONDI and PINTI-CORSI earn a big encore for duet and dance. Mr. DAVID BISPHAM with Madame AMADI, as *Milord* and *Miladi*, speaking English and queer Italian, do good service. *Fra Diavolo*—Lucia excellent, and Miss MARIE ENGLE (who naturally quite understood *Milord* and *Miladi* when speaking English) a charming, sprightly *Zerlina*. Revival decided hit.

Wednesday.—VERDI'S opera, *Falstaff*. Some charming music in it; otherwise dull opera. Impossible to put *Falstaff* himself, singing or speaking, on any stage. Actor or singer invariably overweighted. ZELIE DE LUSMAN, looking like Jessica, sings *Anne Page*'s music charmingly. SHAKESPEARE created "sweet ANNE PAGE" the daughter of Mrs. Page. Why then, in the opera, is she put into the FORD family? I refer to the "Characters" in the book of the opera, where I find "Miss Ford," and "Anne, her daughter." GIULIA RAVOGLI a sprightly *Dame Quickly*; PAULINE JORAN a lively *Mistress Ford*; and Signor DE LUCIA an amiable Fenton, "with a song."

Friday.—House not absolutely crowded to hear *Carmen*. Is *Carmen* a bit "off"? Yet nothing better than performance of ZELIE DE LUSMAN as gay and wicked heroine. Little *Don José de Lucia* first-rate, and ANCONA winning encore for old friend *Toréador*. MARIE ENGLE excellent good-v-goody contrast to bold, bad *Carmen*. Police-constable BEVIGNANI, *bàton* in hand, severe when on the beat. In honour of QUEEN'S Birthday, Sir DRUMOLANUS troupe-ing *Il Trovatore*'s operatic colours at Windsor Castle. It ought to have been, appropriately, *Falstaff*.

Saturday.—Frost. "House full." The Princess and Princesses present. MELBA'S "Jewel song" a gem. M. PLANÇON, whose name, Britishly pronounced, suggests "Mr. PLAIN-song," rather ecclesiastical than diabolical, a highly-coloured but generally effective *Mephistopheles*. Mdlle. BRAZZI appears to-night as "the new woman" in the part of Siebel. "She rouses enthusiasm," quoth WAGSTAFF, "no Siebel-lation." *Exeunt omnes*.

THE DISCOVERY OF LONDON.

Interviewer. As a keen student of your fascinating works, permit me to render to you my respectful homage.

Distinguished Foreigner in London. Certainly. I observe that you speak the French of the capital with fluency.

Int. You flatter me. I am only an ordinary journalist. Possibly you prefer to converse in our local language?

D. F. On the contrary, I have only recently acquired the English word. "Yes." Curiously enough, this is my first voyage of discovery to your shores. I had, of course, often heard of England, and your literature is not unfamiliar to me. My secretary reads to me the works of your popular poet, ROBERT BROWNING.

Int. Do you not, with your—er—limited knowledge, if I may so say, of our language, find that writer's meaning somewhat obscure?

D. F. Oh no; for my secretary translates him into idiomatic French verse at sight.

Int. M. ZOLA has also only recently discovered us. How do your novelists find the necessary models for their English types?

D. F. Nothing simpler. Tradition, *voilà tout*. The English-woman, with her large feet, projecting teeth, and execrable French—we know her because we have always known her. It is not necessary to have seen her in the flesh. Indeed, it is only a marvel to me that I find the type so rare in its own country.

Int. Might I dare to ascribe such traditional views to the prejudice of ignorance? Your Press, I believe, does not educate itself by foreign travel.

D. F. I cannot speak for others, but personally, if I do not offend the laws of courtesy by saving this in the city whose hospitality I now enjoy, I detest your race. I regard you as insular.

Int. We cannot, of course, help being born on an island. But we correct this defect by constant visits to the mainland, and from these we have learnt a profound respect for the tastes of our neighbours.

D. F. I am greatly gratified by this. Nothing has impressed me so favourably here as your cordial appreciation of our people. I met a distinguished British novelist who was actually acquainted with the literature of my own Provence!

Int. May I ask what other features of our comparatively inaccessible island have attracted your notice?

D. F. Above all things else, the sinister silence of your city. On the Stock Exchange, down Cheapside, among vendors of journals, you can hear a pin drop. Everywhere the taciturnity of the tomb.

Int. And what of our institutions and types?

D. F. Nothing has impressed me so deeply as the Great Wheel at Earl's Court. It is a monument of national ardour and aspiration. This, and Mr. STANLEY, and your guardsmen, and your way of cooking meat, have left the most indelible impression upon my sentiment and constitution. I dislike the last two of them.

Int. In cooking, we freely yield you the saucepan. But how has our military given you offence?

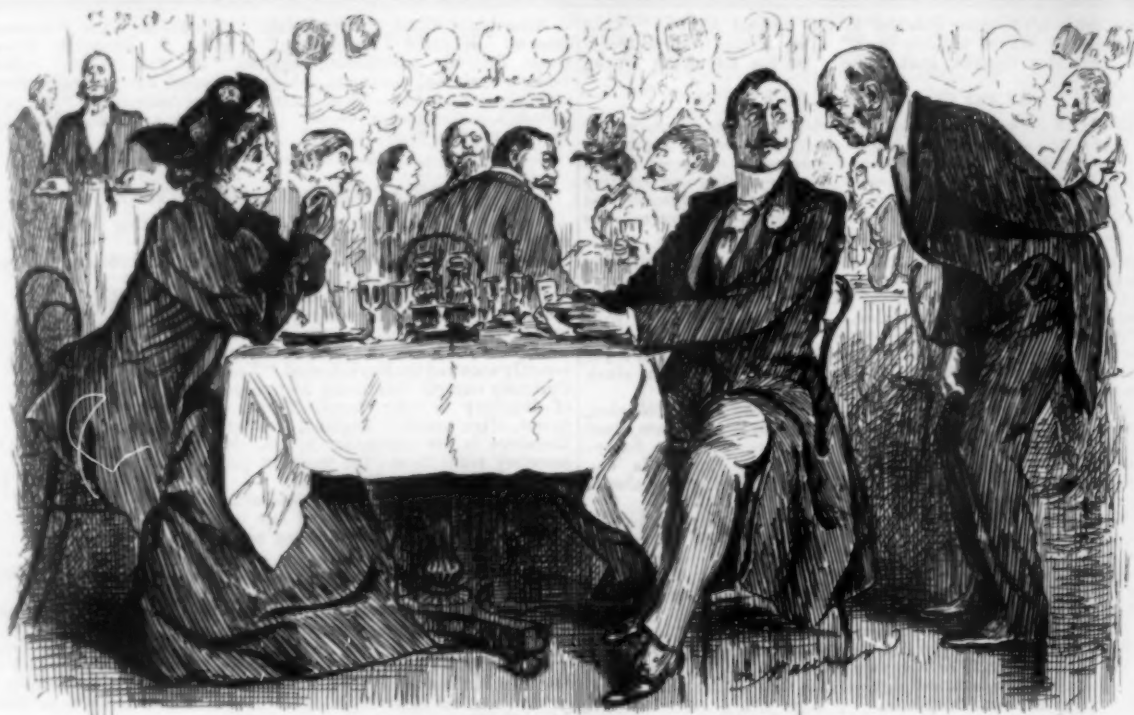
D. F. I object to the size of its chest, and its manner of occupying the pavement. I have seen a guardsman in Whitehall against whom, in the heyday of my youth, I should indubitably have projected my person.

Int. It would have been a rash and perhaps irreparable act. But tell me more. Kindly hold up once again the veracious mirror, that we may see ourselves as others see us. We are so apt to be blind to our own national defects, unless the impartial observer, like yourself, throws a flood of light upon our idiosyncrasies.

D. F. I should like a few more days in which to complete my study, and verify my anticipations, of your interesting city. Meanwhile, let me refer you to M. GABRIEL MOUREY'S new work—*Passé le Détroit*. The Ulysses of our century, he has gained a wide knowledge of your race, having been a fearless traveller in *l'Underground*, and seen some of your most typical fogs. You may learn much from him. He is read eagerly at home, where the thirst for books of romantic travel and exploration grows hourly. I wish you the good day. Yes.

A TREETOTAL TIP.—How to Live Long—Never take "something short."





SCENE—A Restaurant near Leicester Square.

Jones. "OH—ER—GABSONG, REGARDER ECHER—ER—APPORTER-VOO LE—LA——"

Walter. "BEG PARDON, SIR. I DON'T KNOW FRENCH!"

Jones. "THEN, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, SEND ME SOMEBODY WHO DOES!"

'ARRY ON DERBY DAY.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Are you going down? What a pooty blamed world this 'as got, With its CHANTS, and its Anti-Sport Leagues, Local Hooption, and other dashed rot. Wot is Liberty comin' to, CHARLIE? 'Ere's 'ARRY leg-lagged to his stool, Because his new Gaffer's a Hawkeite, as means a old-fossilised fool.

The young 'un whose crib I succeeded to skinned the old bloke's petty cash In backing of wrong 'uns last year, as of course was most reckless and rash. But wy should I suffer along of it? Wy must he drop upon me Who wanted the Derby Day off—for cremating my poor uncle G.?

Smelt a rat, the old Smelfungus did, and he lectured me, too, like old boots, Saying, Sport was a Youpass tree, CHARLIE, and lying was one of its fruits. He's a reglar front-row Anti-Gambler, a foe of Mirth, Music, and Malt, As would 'ave them lay Tattersall's level, and sow Hopsom race-course with salt.

I'd arranged with a sporting greengrocer, and BOODLE a smart local Bung, To tool down by road with a trotter. Us three would 'ave gone a rare plung, And I ain't missed a Derby this five year. And now all along of old hunks Instead of sweepstaking for winners, I'm making out bills for hair-trunks.

It's a beastly, dear boy, and no bottles. I landed on Ladas last year, And I've got such a cert. fur to-day, as I couldn't go wrong on—no fear!

Oh, laylooks and lemonade, CHARLIE! it do give yours truly the 'ump To think I must miss such a treat, all along of that precious old pump.

The whizz o' the wheels makes mad music, old man, in this dingy old den, Where only the tick of the clock, and the scrape of my spiky steel pen, Measure bout the monotonous 'ours, while friend Bung and young Greens are agog. 'Midst the clatter and clink of the course, and the yelp of the old Derby Dog.

I can smell the sweet whiff of their bacoy, can taste the cold chicken an' 'am, And see the fine salmon-hued sparkle of Bung's Jerryboam of Cham.

I know Greens will do it to rights; I am sure a safe winner I'd spot, And my anti-gambling old Gaffer 'as spiled the whole splurge! Ain't it rot?

Them plaguay philanthropists, CHARLIE, are turning the world upside down!

A cove musn't lap ari-a-pint, and a cove musn't lay ari-a-crown!

It's Weto all over the shop, CHARLIE! But wot I always remarks,— Philanterpy seems to shine mostly in Wetoing other folks larks!

Well, I'm off down the road, mate, to Clapham, or wot not, to see 'em return.

My cert. 'asn't come off, I 'ear, so I've dropped ari the screw as I earn

By my six days of nose-to-the-grinstone of Gaffer. He'd larf if he knowed.

But if it ain't his bloomin' fault for his sport-ating 'umbag, I'm blowed.

Sport? Sport's in the blood of a gentleman! Cocktails ain't fly to the fun

Of landing a bit off a pal. Lor! a bet, on a 'orse or a gun,

Mykes friendship and life reglar flavour-some! 'Ow could your true sportsman care For a drive through green lanes to the Derby without a small flutter when there?

Too late for the flutter to-night, but the Clapham laburnums are out; There are plenty of pubs on that road, to the Wetoist's 'orror, no doubt.

I am sure to meet lots of old pals, full of fun and good stuff as they'll carry, And if we don't 'ave Derby larks, spite o' Gaffers and HAWKES, I ain't, 'ARRY.

Derby Dampers.

HAVING no invitation to join a company on a drag. Having no money to pay for a railway ticket to the course. Having no friends rich enough or rash enough to advance a trifle on account. Having no notion of the betting and no knowledge of the horses engaged. Having no time, no money, and last, but not least, no inclination.

"ALL NODDIN'."—The *Western Daily Mercury* records that the New Woman has broken out in a new place—as A Lady Auctioneer. Woman at all times has known how to go it hammer and tongs. Advanced Femininity drops the tongs, but sticks to the hammer. Formerly man was often gone on fair woman—rather expected of him. The lady now prefers to do the "Going, going, gone," herself. Awful vistas opened up. Will a wink be as good as a nod to the Lady Auctioneer? Will "dinner eyes" have to yield to "auction winks"? A for-bidding prospect.



'A DOUBTFUL "STAYER."

L-BRY. "YOU AIN'T GOT MUCH OF A MOUNT, GUV'NOR!"

R-S-B-RY. "P'R'APS NOT,—BUT I'LL RIDE HIM FOR ALL HE'S WORTH!"

THE SCARLET PARASOL.

SCENE II.—Drawing-room. Windows opening on to Terrace. Ladies alone.

Muriel (to VIOLA). CLAUDE MIGNON has been saying that I am the only woman he has ever loved!

Viola. Exactly what he says to me!

Muriel. Is it a boast—or a confession?

Viola (quietly). It is a lie, that's all. But what did ALAN ROY say? He didn't speak to me.

Muriel. He says you have a far-away look in your eyes.

Viola (eagerly). Yes? I did my best!

Muriel (simply). So I told him you wanted to have a secret in your life—a romance. He seemed very much interested.

Viola. Oh, MURIEL! How could you? How silly of you! I am very angry indeed.

Muriel (calmly). Why, VIOLA? ALBERT is getting accustomed to his being grown-up, and CLAUDE to his being so young. They all like him immensely. But I think they will be glad when he goes away.

(Enter gentlemen.)
Claude (talking to ALAN). Yes, I felt I had something to say—and I said it—in one volume.

Alan. There is no mistake so fatal as to write because one has something to say.

Claude. How about Robinson Crusoe, Don Quixote—

Alan. I am afraid I never read them. I couldn't read till I was ten—and then I read dear HERBERT SPENCER.

(He tries to join VIOLA and passes Mrs. AVERIDGE, who moves to leave room for him on the sofa, and smiles.)

Alan (standing by the sofa). Weren't the flowers quite sweet on the table to-night, Mrs. AVERIDGE?

Mrs. AVERIDGE (trying to be original). I can't bear flowers.

Alan. What do you like, Mrs. AVERIDGE?

Mrs. AVERIDGE (looking out of the window). Oh—trees, I think.

Alan. What! on the table! (He escapes, and joins VIOLA.) Is that the moon outside, Mrs. TRAVERS?

Viola (gazing at it intensely). I think it is.

Alan. Shall we go and see? (They move out on to the terrace.)

Muriel (sitting next to Mrs. AVERIDGE). Isn't ALAN ROY a little dear?

Mrs. AVERIDGE (spitefully). So your sister seems to think. I had no idea she was so fond of children.

Muriel. He has such pretty ways! That new shade of blue is very fashionable, Mrs. AVERIDGE. But it's a little trying to you, do you know? You don't mind my saying so, do you? (Amenities continue.)

Mr. AVERIDGE. It's perfectly amazing! That boy knows everything. He talks politics—

Claude. He's a staunch Tory!

Mr. AVERIDGE. Literature—

Claude. He tells me he's not a Romanticist; he cares only for the Classics.

Mr. AVERIDGE. Art—

Claude (resigned). He dismisses Symbolism with a word, smiles at Impressionism as old-fashioned, but speaks most kindly both of MILLAIS and WHISTLER. He calls them "poor dears." I think that was the phrase. I won't be sure, but I think so.

Mr. AVERIDGE. Yes, he's astounding. (Ponders.)

Claude (to MURIEL). Aren't we going to have some music? How I should like you to play those chants to me again! Won't you, Miss VANE? I love sacred music so.

Muriel. Yes; with pleasure. VIOLA has had my organ put in the billiard-room, to be out of the way. (Rises.)

Claude (as he and MURIEL go into the billiard-room). The worst point about these clever boys is that they are so cynical! No sentiment—no heart!

(Continues ad lib.)

On the Terrace.

Alan (to VIOLA). You have very wonderful eyes, Mrs. TRAVERS, haven't you?

Viola. Have I?

Alan. You know you have. Do you believe in palmistry?

Viola. I think I do. Do you?

Alan. I don't know whether I believe in it, I like it. . . . Your line of life. . . . (Continues ad lib.)

In the Drawing-room.

Albert. That boy is bewildering! He flits over every subject under the sun! Have a game of piquet, AVERIDGE? (They play piquet.)

In the Billiard-room. MURIEL playing the organ. CLAUDE by her side trying to look like DICKENS's picture, "Harmony."

Claude. Do you ever have that curious feeling that you are doing exactly what you have done before, hearing—seeing something for the second time?

Muriel. Oh, yes! continually! I felt it during the whole of dinner!

Claude. Do you think it shows we knew each other in a previous existence, Miss VANE?

Muriel. No. I am afraid it only shows that you sometimes repeat yourself. (She smiles.)

Claude. How can you be so unkind, and yet look such a perfect angel!

Muriel. I feel exactly like St. Cecilia when I am playing the organ.

Claude. And I feel like St. Anthony, Miss VANE.

On the Terrace.

Alan. To get right away from people, to take a drive together, and bathe our heads in the golden sunlight! In secret! Do—do let us, Mrs. TRAVERS!

Viola. It would be nice! ALBERT is going to town for the day, and the AVERIDGES are going for an excursion. . . . But what could we drive in?

Alan. Oh, I will arrange that. I will hire a dog-cart in the village; and we must meet in a lane, or a field, or something. And you must say you have been to teach the orphan boy to sew or something. It would be too sweet!

Viola. But—Master ROY—

Alan. Don't call me Master ROY. Call me ALAN—when no one is listening.

Viola. ALAN—wouldn't it be much simpler, merely to say we were going for a drive, and to order the carriage?

Alan. Then where's your mystery?

Viola. Very well! Then mind you don't tell anyone!

Alan. Not tell anyone, Mrs. TRAVERS! But what's the use of a secret if one doesn't tell it to everyone?

Viola. Oh!

Alan. I was only joking, dear Mrs. TRAVERS. At three, then. . . . Sh—ah! (He picks up her fan with the air of a conspirator.) If I think of anything else, I'll write a little note, and put it under the clock on that mantelpiece. Shall I?

Viola. What fun! But would it be safe?

Alan. Would you rather we corresponded in the Times about it, Mrs. TRAVERS?

Viola. You're making fun of the whole thing.

(She pouts, &c. He shows by her Line of Fate that all will be well.)

Mrs. AVERIDGE (to herself). Well of all the dull houses I ever stayed at! . . . Piquet in the drawing-room, chants in the billiard-room, palmistry with Infant Phenomenons on the Terrace! . . . It's quite true, too, what that affected little VANE girl said—the colour is trying. . . . I'll never come here again!

(Retires to her room in disgust.)

"HECKLING."—At a meeting of the supporters of Mr. MURRAY, Master of Elibank, the Liberal candidate for West Edinburgh, the following "heckle" took place:—

"Mr. Guy. Seeing you approve of Home Rule all round, what is the smallest number of Parliaments the United Kingdom would require? (Laughter and a Voice: 'Send it back to Parliament Square.')

The Master of Elibank. I think that is a question which can be settled by an ordinary addition sum. (Cheers and laughter.)"

Which shows that the Master is a real Master of Arts as well as of Elibank, and, as regards platform difficulties, good at getting out. But whether he is equally good at "getting in" the future must decide. A slippery custom, evidently, is Mr. MURRAY, and his title ought to be "the Master of Ely-bank."

A REAL "MAN OF THE TIMES."—Mr. Punch congratulates Dr. W. H. RUSSELL, endeared to his friends and companions-in-arms as "BILLY RUSSELL," on his becoming Sir WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, Knight of the Pen. *Prosit!*

SCOTCH JUNKETING.—A "Curd Fair" has been held, as usual, at Kilmarnock, and the number of excursionists who left the town, both by road and rail, is said to have been very large. Well, of course a Curd Fair naturally leads to a number of whey-farers!



ANIMAL SPIRITS ON DERBY DAY.

(With Apologies to W. Fida.)

AFTER THE PLAY.

Junior Playgoer. Why is it called *The Prude's Progress*?
Elderly Playgoer. No; and no *Progress*. Slow. CYRIL
 MAUDE and FANNY BAUGH quite the life and soul of the piece.
Jun. P. High premium wanted to insure its life, eh?
RIGHTON good all round man?
Eld. P. Very much all round. PLAYFAIR's part recalled
 WYNDHAM jolting down mena on shirt-cuff.
Jun. P. Yes; somehow it all reminded me of various
 pieces I've seen.
Eld. P. Quite so. Remember old pantomime song?—

"A little piece here, and a little piece there,
 Here a piece, and there a piece,
 And everywhere a piece."

Jun. P. And it might finish with author—no (*refers to programme*)—author, JEROME and PHILLIPPS, singing—

"We are two merry, merry men,
 Nobody precisely can find us out."

Eld. P. Exactly. Good night old boy. [Exeunt severally, time.

THAT TELEGRAM.

(Some Fildis Comments on a Recent Editorial Enigma.)

MASHALLAH! Am I, the Full Moon That Blazeth in Heaven Like Anything, to be bested by a Penny Journalist, a Feringhee Writer of the Thing that is Not, a Gazetteer who is Ac-oust? Shall I, the Padishah Whose Piano-playing Edified the Distant Constellations, submit to be out-maneuvred in my own particular line by an Unbelieving Dog, a Giaour of Giaours? What though he be Lord of Lo Ben and of a Hundred Press-carts, he shall learn that a Concocter of Copy is no match for The Unspeakable One! *Jashallah!* What ho! Summon the Grand Vizier, and let the Chief Bowstringer be in attendance! Bring in the medicated coffee for one, and *rahmat lakoun* for two! What saith the dog of a dragoman? The Infidel Frank retuseth the mark of My very distinguished Favour, the Medjideh of the Fourth Class? Will not that stop his accused inquisitiveness? Or doth he wish for an Osmanieh, set in brilliantia? Ingleez though he be, he must have his price! No? He will not take an Osmanieh, not even of the First Class!! Ah, perhaps he will give, if he will not take? Times are

hard, and there is that Russian indemnity. Nay, it need but take the form of an irredeemable Loan, or a Mortgage on the flourishing revenues of Our most prosperous province of Arabia Felix. We sorely need a new ironclad or two, for Our boilers are rusting badly, and Our keels are rotting beyond repair at their anchorage in the Bosphorus. . . . *Wah!*? The alien unbeliever neither giveth nor taketh? And doth not care one "snuff" (whatever that may mean) whether his telegram to Europe in general, and the *P-ll M-ll G-z-its* in particular, goeth or not? Verily, he knoweth not the rules of Oriental diplomacy. But though the telegram shall not go, if we know it, the Sublime Porte shall yet give the quill-driving outcast a lesson in shilly-shally and hanky-panky. He shall know that the Commander of the Faithful is not to be called an impotent Potentate (with a big P) in vain. We will sit up all night, pretending to re-draft his telegram, and really enjoying his discomfiture! "Impotent Potentate," indeed! Let the chief telegraph-clerk be beheaded on the spot! . . .

"WHEEL AND WOE."—"A Word of Warning" to women bicyclists appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* last Friday, by "A Medical Man." Quite right. This Round of Wheel is overdone. Instead of "Wheel," the Medical cries "Woe!"

THE LOSS OF RICHMOND HILL.

AIR—"The Loss of Richmond Hill."

FROM Richmond Hill there is a view
As fair as Tempe's morn;
Its charms are such that sure by few
Their loss were calmly borne.
This view so sweet, no "Jerry" street
Must intercept or kill;
We all decline thus to resign.
The view from Richmond Hill!

How happy would that builder be
Who'd call that plot his own!
His heart is fixed on lease and fee,
Ours on the view alone.
This view so sweet must rest complete,
For not with our good will
For villas fine will we resign
That view from Richmond Hill!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 20.—
JAMES GALLOWAY WEIR is a sore man the night. Ross and Cromarty hide their diminished head—or should it be heads?—before the illuminated mountain tops of Inverness-shire. THE MACGREGOR has done him at last, done him hopelessly. Since the present Parliament met, he and THE MACGREGOR have run pretty evenly, neck and neck in race to show what Scotland can do in this way when it concentrates its mighty mind on the effort. In former times Ireland had monopoly of the Crank as he was returned to Parliament. Scotch Members preserved traditional reputation of their country as the home of dour-headed businesslike men. WEIR standing alone would have sufficed to tear this fable to tatters. THE MACGREGOR unaided would have confounded the tradition. The combination of talent was irresistible, overpowering in its force of conviction.

Between these eminent men there has been, from the first, a feeling of generous rivalry. THE MACGREGOR, as befitted the riper genius, has been more successful in concealing it. Whenever he has put a question about the Crofters, WEIR has managed to drop in with supplementary inquiry. His name appearing in the report, watchful Scotia would take note that THE MACGREGOR was not the only one of her sons who, in a foreign land, cared for her interests. THE MACGREGOR, on the contrary, not less loftily because without apparent design, ignored WEIR. There is reason to believe he did not regard with fullest measure of appreciation his intellectual capacity, his business aptitude, or his parliamentary manner.

"A puir creature!" he said, one night, staring straight up at the gaslit roof. There was no one up there at the moment, and as this happened to be the night when WEIR had eleven questions on the paper, by way of showing his want of confidence in the Government, and was approaching the ninth with ever deepening chest notes, there is too much reason to fear that at that moment the Member for Inverness-shire was not unconscious of the existence of the Member for Ross and Cromarty.

JAMES GALLOWAY's boot-issuing and blood-curdling tones; his tragic reiteration of the phrase, "Is the right hon. gentleman a Weir?" The solemn sweep of his arm as he places the reluctant *pince-nez* on his disputatious nose; his stare of haughty surprise when Lowlanders opposite titter at his inquiry about the lost handle of the parish pump in outraged Pitlochrie; his habit of turning up at unexpected places on either side of the House below the Gangway—these things are



FELINE AMENITIES.

"ARE YOU GOING TO THE BROWNS' DANCE?" "NO, I HAVEN'T BEEN ASKED."
"OH—I SUPPOSE IT'S QUITE A YOUNG PEOPLE'S DANCE, YOU KNOW!"

unique in their way. In the aggregate they would, save for THE MACGREGOR, have placed him on an unapproachable pinnacle. After to-night he will reign alone. The other King of the Bedlam Brentford has abdicated. But evermore there will rest over JAMES GALLOWAY the chill shadow of the mighty triumph with which his rival closed his public career.

Nothing in the parliamentary life of THE MACGREGOR became him so well as its guittance. The artful way in which he led the SQUIRE of MALWOOD up to confession of intent with respect to the Crofters Bill; the SQUIRE's humble plea to wait till Thursday; the MACGREGOR's stern response, "That is not good enough for me;" then his swinging march down the Gangway (almost you could hear the pibroch playing); his halt before the Mace; his stately bow to the SPEAKER; the march resumed; the fresh halt at the Bar;

another sweeping obeisance (again fancy feigned the faint sound of the distant pibroch), and the MACGREGOR was o'er the border, and awa'.

"A puir daft body," said JAMES GALLOWAY WEIR, his musing sight, by strange coincidence, also fixed on the ceiling.

Business done.—THE MACGREGOR shakes the dust of the House of Commons from off his feet. In disordered state of things that followed, paralysed Government escaped defeat in Committee on Welsh Disestablishment Bill by narrow majority of nine.

Tuesday.—Surely never was such a place in the world as House of Commons for bifurcations. Within memory of man there was a time when, of two sides of the political highway, Liberals trod one, Conservatives paced the other. Now House is broken up into half a dozen parties, each with its infinitude of

sections. Most depressing and disappointing development of this tendency appears to-night. The Eldest-Son Party is just bereft of one of its most active members by WOLMER's accession to Earldom. General GEORGE CURZON, whose forces, on full muster, counted two,



THE MACGINNOR RETIRES TO HIS CAVE.

Mr. W-e "Mon, if I hadna thocht he was jokin', I wad ha' gone mysel'—to be even wi' 'im!"

is now reduced, on Queen's Birthdays and other State occasions, to reviewing St. JOHN BRODRICK, *scut*. Force of habit still strong, and, when speaking to-night, he made House acquainted with the views on constitutional question which "I and my friends hold."

It may be singular, but so is the number of the friends. CRANBORNE, in one of his fiery speeches, made it clear just now that the Eldest Sons are divided on the question which General GEORGE CURZON, Quartermaster-General St. JOHN BRODRICK, and the late Army (now gone to another place) made their own. This defection from within not made up by sustentation from without. JOSEPH, having got a little mixed between what he said on Coleridge peerage case, and the exact reverse put forward by him with equal confidence on the Selborne case, judiciously absented himself to-night. COURTNEY also absent. PRINCE ARTHUR sat ominously silent on Front Bench, whilst DICK WEBSTER backed up SQUIRE OF MALWOOD in denouncing position assumed by General GEORGE and Quartermaster-General St. JOHN. As for the Army, multitudinously alluded to as "the Hon. WILLIAM WALDEGRAVE PALMER, commonly called Viscount WOLMER, now Earl of SELBORNE," it was withdrawn, interned as garrisons are at particular crises of civic life. House gladly ordered issue of new writ for West Edinburgh. Constitution remains unreformed, and WILLIAM WALDEGRAVE—to quote with slight variation from the appropriate source of tombstone literature—

Called hence by early doom,
Lives but to show how sweet an Earl
In House of Lords may bloom.

Business done.—Clause III. added to Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

Thursday—The Bashful BARTLEY, temporarily overcoming a constitutional weakness that is the despair of his friends, and has proved a serious block in the way of his public advancement, put himself forward just now. Is disturbed by dalliance of Lord BRASSEY, sometime ago appointed Governor of Victoria. BARTLEY has conviction that if, in good time coming, his party should acknowledge faithful service by appointing him to Governorship, he would lose no time in entering upon his new sphere of usefulness. That course Lord BRASSEY

might be expected to follow. "Instead of which, he goes about the country—stealing ducks," BARTLEY, impelled by swing of the quotation, was about to add. Pulling himself up in time, he added, "making party political speeches in favour of candidates at elections."

SYDNEY BUXTON, in his most Severe-Young-Man-manner, informed the not quite Blameless BARTLEY that BRASSEY not yet set out to undertake Governorship of Victoria because he is not yet Governor. HOPSTOWN's term does not expire till September, and unless it were desired to run the risk of a sort of colonial *Box and Cox* scene, it would be well he should await the due date of his succession.

BARTLEY blushed, said nothing—at least, not aloud. To himself muttered, "They may say what they like; but, after all, bashfulness is the best policy."

THE TIREBONE TOMLINSON so affected by this repulse of an esteemed friend and neighbour that when, later in sitting, BARTLEY, forgetting his pious resolve, moved amendment to Budget Bill exempting a wife's revenues from income-tax, T. T., rushing out to support him in division lobby, lost the way. When he arrived at lobby door, found it locked. Rattled at handle; kicked panel. For only reply came whisper through keyhole, in voice he recognised as TOMMY BOWLES: "Too late. Go away, you foolish virgin."

"Bad enough," said T. T., "to lose chance of voting against the Government. But why TOMMY BOWLES should call me a foolish virgin, I don't know. Do I look like one?"

Business done.—Scotch Grand Committee set up. Opposition straightway go and gather sticks wherewith to knock it down.

Friday.—Came across little group in lobby just now steeped in braakish waters of tribulation. Only three of them, but they seemed to have all the trouble of the world divided amongst them.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Ben listening to two hours' debate on Budget Bill in Committee?"

"Worse than that," said HART DYKE. "Haven't you heard? CARMARTHEN, riding out on his bicycle, came by sudden turn on steam-roller. Bicycle shied; pitched DOLLY off."

"Poor DOLLY!" said JOHN PENN, [mopping his eye with a J pen-wiper. "He fell on his head."



"NOT FOR JO-ACHIM!"

["The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said that the right hon. member for St. George's had referred to the fact that this was leap year, and they all knew that in leap year proposals could be made that would be considered rather extraordinary in ordinary times. (Laughter.) To accept the right hon. gentleman's proposal would not be consistent with his duty."—*Times*.]

HART DYKE and MARK LOCKWOOD (together)—"Oh, then he's not hurt." Sudden brightening of faces as load of apprehension removed from mind; walked off quite cheerfully.

Gracious, kind-hearted comrades! So pleasant, amid turmoil of political warfare, to come upon idyllic scene like this, and learn how sweet a thing is friendship.

Business done.—Budget Bill through Committee.

LIFE'S RACE A BATTLE, NOT A VICTORY.

IN THE RACE OF THIS LIFE

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents and cures fevers and acute inflammatory diseases, removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee, by natural means; thus restoring the nervous system to its normal condition by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, etc.

AT HOME: My Household God. ABROAD: My "Vade Mecum."

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1895, says:—"Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimney-piece of my apartment, my little idol, at home my household god, abroad my 'vade mecum.' Think not this is the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common I dare say with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than exit Pain—Richard is himself again." So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits—

"When ENO'S SALT betimes you take,
No waste of this elixir make,

But drain the dregs and lick the cup
Of this the perfect pick-me-up."

Writing again on Jan. 24, 1895, he adds—"Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following—

"When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' will prove our stay,
And still our health renew."

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